

May 9, 1867

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Afloat, Thursday, 3 P. M.

Dear Wife:

I have just left my berth, (after lying in it for more than twenty-two hours,) with the steamer rolling uneasily from side to side, and feeling sick at the stomach, to make a desperate attempt to pencil a few lines to you, so as to forward them at Halifax, which port we are expecting to make by 8 o'clock this evening, having had a strong head wind, a rough sea, and plenty of fog, ever since we left Boston.

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I had written only thus far when I was compelled by sickness to retreat to my berth, where I have been lying till now - 8 o'clock, P. M. - after having vomited freely. We have just arrived at Halifax, after a run of thirty-one hours, which is very good time, considering what the wind and weather have been. We shall probably leave here by midnight, or a little earlier.



As William<sup>2</sup> and Ellie must have given you all of the particulars you cared to know respecting what occurred before I left the harbor, it will not be necessary for me to repeat them. The tug-boat was crowded with friends to give dear Thompson and myself a farewell, and to participate in the intended presentation. It was unfortunate that we did not join the party at Long wharf; for then we could have interchanged greetings with them all. Unfortunately, in consequence of the pitiless rain-storm, all was crush and confusion in the saloons and passage-ways of the Cuba, and it was impossible to find those who were looking for us, and we for them. Thompson was more fortunate; as, coming over in the tug, he was enabled to keep with the mass. Knowing that Mr. Waterston was to make the parting address, I kept closely to him — Mr. Sewall, Isaac Winslow, and a few others being with us. Finding there could be no reunion of our forces, Mr. Waterston, at the last moment, whispered



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in my ear the substance of what he<sup>71</sup> was de-  
puted to say - of profound esteem for my char-  
acter, of high appreciation of what I had done  
for the freedom of a down-trodden race, and  
of hearty good wishes for a prosperous voyage  
and a safe return. To this I replied as briefly,  
in such words as I could command in such  
an embarrassed position, and then we sepa-  
rated with a warm grasp of hands. [Mr.  
W. stated that the Testimonial had reached  
the full sum of \$30,000. Is it not a most  
substantial token of approval and regard?] I  
failed to see dear Mr. May, Mr. Quincy,  
and many of those whom I most desired  
to see. Fortunately, I was able to grasp  
the hand of Mrs. Chapman, Mary Willey,  
Miss Brigham, Mr. Bell, and a score of  
others as they passed out of the vessel by  
an open window in the saloon at which  
Thompson and myself were standing.  
Did ever any two men ever have truer  
or more worthy friends than we have?  
G. T. was warmly greeted, after the older  
time. How the tug-boat steamed down



the harbor as far as the School Ship, in spite  
 of the drenching rain - (and I grieve to  
 think how many of the ladies must have  
 got perilously wet) - what waving of  
 hats and handkerchiefs followed to the  
 last moment - how Uncle Sam's cannon  
 thundered their passing salutes from the  
 School Ship and the Revenue Cutter - &c.,  
 &c., you already know. The demonstration  
 was affecting and impressive, after all,  
 but it would have been particularly inspir-  
 ing, and in the highest degree inspiring, if  
 we could all have met on board of the  
 Cuba, as originally planned. Never mind.  
 It may prove for the best; and perhaps  
 when I return a more auspicious greeting  
 may meet me in the harbor, provided the  
 weather and the hour of arrival permit.  
 I owe much to Judge Russell for this  
 demonstration, and for his sake in spe-  
 cial regret that his good intentions could  
 not be fully carried out.



Thompson put into my hands a magnificent bouquet of roses, lillies of the valley, and other flowers, presented by dear, faithful, enthusiastic Mrs. Brigham, the remembrance of which will carry their perfume with me across the Atlantic, all through my tour, and back to Rockledge. Let her know how happy she made me by its presentation.

I trust Ellie took no cold, and that my darling Agnes will not wholly forget grandpapa. O, how I already miss you all!

It was very fortunate that Mary-Ann did not go with us, for she would have added to her colds. She must be very careful indeed of herself; and if she finds the oversight of you more than she can safely bear, she must beat a retreat in season. Doubtless, you will shortly see good Charlotte Coffin, and, in a pinch, may be able to secure the companionship of Julia, at least for a time, now that her father is gone.

S. Kimbly written to you



Do not fail to keep up constant treatment while I am gone. Should Miss Andrew go to Liverton, she has done you so much service that I think you had better present her with five or ten dollars, in addition to her professional charge. Employ Miss Houghton afterward, if you like her, as I think you will.

Tell William to remember Mr. Perkins, as I told Mr. P. I should send him some money. I think fifteen dollars will answer.

I should like to have forwarded some such notices of my departure as the newspapers may make. I see Oliver has made a brief but excellent notice of the clock presentation in this week's Independent.

Give my thanks to Mrs. Cobb & her sister for their farewell demonstrations.

Let Katy not be troubled for lack of kindly words. Some had better be bright. I am feeling very qualmish, though now at the wharf. Love to all as one.  
Yours, ever and evermore.